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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 13.

JULY 1, 1899.

Vol. XXXIV.

HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

• DESIGNED
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE
YOUNG •

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH •

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



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Books and Authors

THE 25 BEST NOVELS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



ONE of our competitions, which closed on January 15th, was designed to furnish an answer to the question "What are the twenty-five best novels in the English language?" Readers were invited to send in lists; and several hundred were received in answer to the request. Each list was treated as a ballot paper; and the best twenty-five novels was determined by the votes thus registered. In all, the large number of 352 novels were voted upon, but the following twenty-five secured the largest number of votes.—*Family Herald and Montreal Star*.

1. Uncle Tom's Cabin.....Stowe
2. David Copperfield.....Dickens
3. Ivanhoe.....Scott
4. Vanity Fair.....Thackeray
5. Lorna Doone.....Blackmore
6. Jane Eyre.....Bronte
7. Ben Hur.....Wallace
8. Adam Bede.....Eliot
9. John Halifax, Gentleman.....Mulock
10. Scarlet Letter.....Hawthorne
11. Robinson Crusoe.....Defoe
12. Last Days of Pompeii.....Lytton
13. Vicar of Wakefield.....Goldsmith

14. Fast Lynne.....Wood
15. The Mill on the Floss.....Eliot
16. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.....Ian Maclaren
17. Kenilworth.....Scott
18. Waverley.....Scott
19. Pickwick Papers.....Dickens
20. Henry Esmond.....Thackeray
21. Westward Ho.....Kingsley
22. The Old Curiosity Shop.....Dickens
23. Oliver Twist.....Dickens
24. Tom Brown's School Days.....Hughes
25. Heart of Midlothian.....Scott

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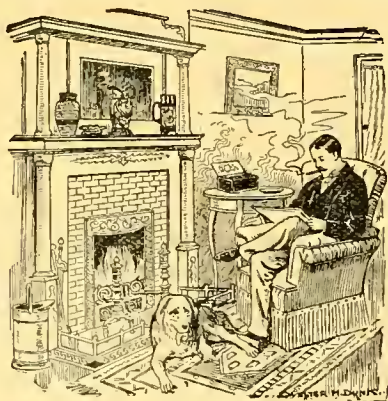
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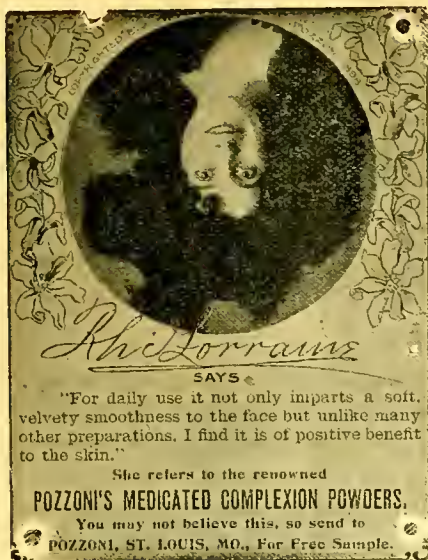
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CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1899.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:05 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:05 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	9:45 p. m.
No. 42—For Park City	8:25 a. m.
No. 9—For Ogden, Intermediate and West	12:30 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	8:30 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	8:55 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and intermediate points	5:35 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	6:45 p. m.
No. 10—From Ogden and intermediate points	3:10 p. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

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FOR many years our Improvement Associations and traveling missionaries have keenly felt the need of a pocket edition of our hymns and tunes—those especially suited to their labors. Professor Evan Stephens, General Musical Director for Y. M. M. I. Associations, has been appealed to many times by the many singers who have worked under him, to prepare a suitable collection of such hymns. The attention of the First Presidency has been called to this need, and they have expressed a desire that such a book be compiled and published at once.

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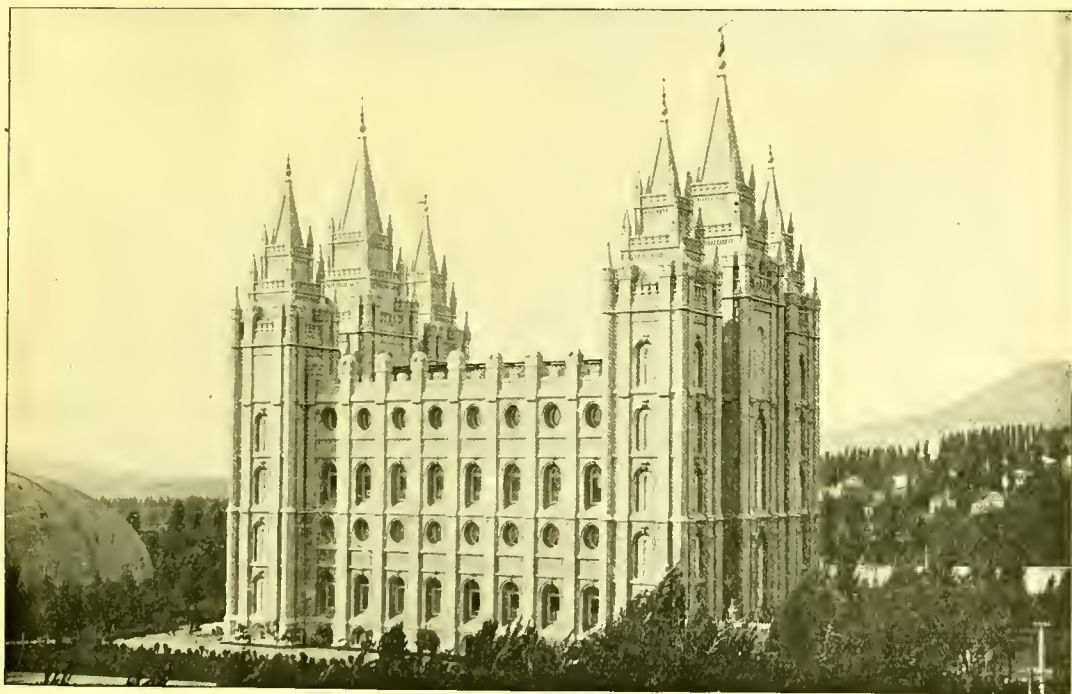
SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1899.

No. 13.

FORTY YEARS FROM FOUNDATION TO CAPSTONE.

IN THE preceding number of this journal appeared a picture of the Taber-

day Saints, as much advertising, as probably any other one thing connected with their work in the intermountain country. Other peoples have tabernacles: Spurgeon, the great English



THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE.

nacle in its unfinished state. This is a building which has been the subject of as much illustration and comment, and has brought to its builders, the Latter-

preacher, had one in London; Talmage, the noted American pulpit declaimer, had one in Brooklyn; the Latter-day Saints in Utah and elsewhere have them in

their various Stakes. But when one speaks of "The Tabernacle," everybody at once knows that allusion is made to the great building in Salt Lake City,

eloquence or their principles; temples in Utah, at St. George, Manti and Logan. And yet the great Temple at Salt Lake City is pronounced by one and all the most



TEMPLE FOUNDATION IN 1872.

with its domed roof, its mammoth organ, its wonderful acoustic properties, its vast seating capacity, and its novel arrangement of doors for entrance and exit, through which it can be emptied, in a few moments, of an audience of ten thousand persons.

But within a few rods of the Tabernacle stands a still more noted and more splendid structure—the Salt Lake Temple. Other temples there are

also: Jewish temples in many cities; temples in all parts of the world in which orthodox and reformed preachers hold forth to audiences attracted by their

magnificent edifice of them all. It required forty years for its completion—the length of time that the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness. It cost a large sum of money—though in connection with this, the reader should remember the prices paid for

labor in the early days and the enormous expense in obtaining the material. The hauling of stone some twenty miles by ox-team, especially of such large



"THE ROCKS THAT TOOK HARD KNOCKS."

stone that several yoke of cattle and several days were required to transport a single block of it, naturally multiplies expense. The work was so difficult and

costly that it was at one time even proposed to build a canal and bring in the stone on barges floated in the waters of the Cottonwood canyon!

However, as population increased, so did the ability to continue the mighty work. Railroads simplified the problem of transportation, and many readers residing in Salt Lake City will remember when a track ran into the Temple Block and every day or two a train of flat cars

stone-layers might want it, are of comparatively recent date. Perhaps some will recall the July parades of early years—had on the Fourth or Twenty-fourth—when among other interesting "floats" would be a stout wagon bearing big boulders of granite with quarrymen at work upon them, and explained by the inscription: "It takes hard knocks to get out these rocks."

The pictures accompanying this article



THE LAST STAGE BEFORE COMPLETION.

loaded with granite blocks was pushed up by a snorting locomotive from the railway depot farther west. Fewer readers will remember the days when the stone was hauled in by the plodding oxen, though the large, sleek beasts which were used within the Temple Block to cart the stone from the cutters' shed to any part of the wall where the

represent the Temple completed; a view of the foundation taken in 1872; quarrymen at work in Little Cottonwood canyon splitting out the granite; and the building during the last year before it was finished, with the scaffolding still surrounding the towers.

The building is massive, beautiful, enduring and holy; and as it stands,

it represents the courage, liberality, energy and faith of the people who builded it.

THE FOUR HENRYS.

ONE evening when the rain was falling in torrents, an old woman, who dwelt in a poor cabin in the forest of St. Germain, and passed in the vicinity for a witch and fortune teller, heard a heavy knock at her door. She opened it and found a cavalier, who asked hospitality.

The old woman kindled a fire and offered food to her guest, which he eagerly accepted. A piece of cheese and a loaf of black bread were brought out from a sort of bin. It was the entire store of the poor woman.

"I have nothing more," said she. "This is all that the taxes and the church tithes leave me to offer to strangers, to say nothing of the fact that the people roundabout call me a sorcerer and devoted to the evil one, that they may, with a safe conscience, steal the product of my field."

"In good faith," said the young man, "if ever I become king of France, I will suppress the taxes and have the people better informed."

"May Heaven hear you," was her reply.

At these words the gentleman approached the table to satisfy his hunger, but at the same instant a new knock upon the door arrested his steps.

The old woman again opened it, and, as before, a cavalier, drenched with rain, demanded hospitality.

She readily granted it, and bringing the newcomer into the room, saw that it was again a young man and a gentleman.

"Is that you, Henry?" said the one.

"Yes, Henry," said the other.

Both were named Henry.

The woman learned from their conversation that they belonged to a hunting-party, led by King Charles IX, which the storm had separated.

"Old woman," said the newcomer, "hast thou nothing to give us to eat?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"Then," said he, "we must share."

The first Henry made a grimace, but looking for an instant at the resolute eye and dignified mien of the second Henry, he said with a tone of annoyance:

"Let us share, then."

There was, after these words, this thought, that he dared not express: "We will share, for fear he will take the whole."

They seated themselves face to face at the table, and one had taken a dagger to cut the loaf, when a third knock was heard. The meeting was singular. It was again a young man, again a gentleman, again a Henry. The old woman regarded them with amazement.

The first would have concealed the bread and cheese. The second replaced them upon the table and laid his sword beside them. The third Henry smiled.

"You do not wish, then, to give me any part of your supper?" said he. "Ah, well, I can wait. I have a good stomach."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs of right to the first occupant."

"The supper," said the second, "belongs to the one who knows best how to defend it."

The third Henry became red with anger, and said haughtily:

"Perhaps it belongs to the one who knows best how to conquer."

These words were scarcely spoken when the first Henry drew his sword—the others followed his example. As

they were beginning to fight, there was a fourth knock, and a fourth young man, a fourth gentleman, a fourth Henry, was introduced.

At the sight of naked swords he drew his own, placed himself upon the side of the most feeble, and fought desperately.

The swords clashed and shattered everything within their reach. The lamp fell, and was extinguished, but each struck at random in the darkness. The clashing of the swords continued for a time, then abated gradually, and at last ceased entirely.

When all was quiet, the old woman ventured out of the corner in which she had hidden herself in her terror, relighted the lamp and saw the four young men extended upon the ground, each with a wound.

They raised themselves, one after the other—for fatigue, rather than their wounds, had overthrown them—and, ashamed of what had happened, began to laugh, and said:

"Come, let us sup in harmony, and without enmity."

But when they would have found the supper, it was upon the earth, trampled under their feet and utterly spoiled. Slender as it was they regretted it.

On the other hand, the cabin was destroyed, and the owner sat in a corner, with her burning eyes fixed upon the young men.

"Why art thou looking at us?" said the first Henry, whom the look troubled.

"I am looking upon the destinies written upon your foreheads," was the response.

The second Henry rudely commanded her to reveal it. The others endeavored to persuade her. At length she replied:

"As you have all four assembled in this cabin, you will all four be united

in the same destiny. As you have trampled under foot the bread that hospitality offered to you, you will trample under foot the power that you will share. As you have devastated and impoverished this cottage, you will devastate and impoverish France. As you have all four been wounded in the darkness, you will all four perish by treachery and violence."

The young men only laughed at the old woman's strange prediction, but it was verified by later events.

These four Henrys were the leaders of the Catholic League in France—two as its chiefs, two as its opponents—Henry, Prince of Conde, poisoned by his servants; Henry, Duke of Guise, assassinated by the Forty-Five; Henry of Valois, afterwards Henry III., assassinated by Jacques Clements; Henry of Bourbon, Henry IV., assassinated by Ravallac.

A TALE OF THE LAST TRAPPER.

BY CHANCE, I returned to the old mountain-fenced valley, and met an early playmate of mine who once resided in Huntsville. Long ago, following the restless spirit of our companions, he had gone to other fields, some place, I know not where, in the fresh and newly settled south-west of our state. He is now numbered among the blessed dead. Alas, how soon we scatter and pass away! Thus brought together, on this occasion, we exchanged the simple stories of our childhood. There were Indians then, who ran wild in the glens, fished upon the river banks and pitched their wigwams upon the high "benches." Among other things, we retold the tales of the hills as we knew and understood them in our childhood. That was before it had become either fashionable or necessary to burn coal; at a period

when every settler supplied himself with firewood by the sweat of his own brow, and by the patient merits of his own mules. We lazily climbed the steep roadways leading, over oak-covered elevations, to the east base of Mount Ogden; hurriedly gathered our loads of oak, or maple, or quaking asp, or pine; and returning, enjoyed our bacon and bread by the pebbly side of some sweetly singing rill. The rough rocks were like companions to us; the old aspen groves, with their wealth of restless foliage, supplied our fairy tales; the dark, murmuring pines, with their far-away roar, changeful like the harp of the sea, were our musicians. O, the pleasure, the wildness, the freedom!

To-day we had entered Bingham's Basin, and we lived over again the experiences of the past. I had related a simple bear incident in which I had come out frightened and second best; when my friend took up the narrative in a more serious and mystic vein. His thrilling and strange story made a deep impression on my mind, and I will try to relate it as it came from him to me.

"I could not have been more than ten years of age," he began; "it was in the middle sixties I am sure, when I went often with my father, God bless his honest soul and memory, after wood in this mountain retreat, which we called the Basin. In the center of this natural and vast cup in the Wasatch mountains stood Bingham's old mill. On the mountain sides all about were grand groves of pine, sad to say since then almost completely destroyed, from which the logger supplied the mill which in turn furnished the settler in the valley with building material for his modest home.

"Clustered about the mill were the log huts of the workmen. Here upon the rude fire places the big logs burned

and spluttered, and lighted the rooms while in sad or merry mood the stories of the day's experiences were told, interspersed with the happy songs of the women as they went about their evening tasks. Happy the man who may call his own, hand and voice like theirs! I can see the old mill to this day, and almost smell the freshness of its newly sawed lumber; and behold the big, old-fashioned water wheel, a source of admiration and even fear to my childish conceptions; the saws, the sheds, and the piles of lumber, shingles and slabs; the peculiar little eddies and waterfalls formed in the pure, clear stream, by the saw-dust and pieces of board that obstructed its passage by the mill. I remember the narrow valley between the timber-decked hills of the canyon which lay to the east and through which the stream, past many a lonely glen and thicket, went dancing to the river. To the south-west of the mill rises the 9,500-foot high Mount Ogden, its eastern base set in a wilderness of crumbled rock, upon which lies the almost perpetual snow feeding the surrounding springs. In this direction also from the mill, near the base of the mountain, but hidden in dense pine, asp and maple groves, and oak underbrush, is a little natural reservoir or lake from which the mill stream has its source.

"One day when father and I were talking to some men near the mill, I heard the mention of a peculiar old hermit who, they said, camped on the shore of this little reservoir. He often came to the mill. He had traded some with the people, getting supplies in exchange for the furs of wild animals. What a queer notion for a man to live so alone in the hills! I now think that he must have been the last of the trappers, a class of people who began to

come into these mountain fastnesses about the year 1820 and who were in the height of their glory in the early forties, but who had gradually vanished, dwindled down to a last sorry remnant of whom this character was perhaps a sample.

"On one of these trips father suggested that we go to the old hermit's neighborhood to find our load of wood, and then incidentally visit him. This was to my liking exactly, and so we proceeded thither. You may imagine us passing over the untrodden earth covered with grass and rank mountain weeds, slowly making our way up the hillsides under the shadow of Mount Ogden, soon to come across the lone dweller's hut amidst the wooded hills.

"While we thus ascend, let me say that father considered me a good boy; I was his only son; he looked upon me as a child of promise, born in the everlasting covenant, who by virtue of the promises to the faithful in the Lord, would be certain to reap not only an heirship in the Kingdom of God, but would likewise reap the rewards, temporal and especially spiritual, of all his labors and toils. He believed all this, for he had always lived the life of a good and consistent Latter-day Saint, and, furthermore, he believed implicitly in all the glorious promises which God has given in modern times, and anciently, to the faithful who serve the Lord. It is necessary to say this because of what occurred when we found the old man. As he was in the habit of doing with others, so in this instance, father put new spirit into the lagging conversation by speaking of his boy—his child of promise. I have since learned for myself (for I have children) what it is to feel what father felt for me. So have we both, and blessed is he for-

ever more who shall know for himself! But they who so feel are haunted, too, with anxiety,—the bitter and the sweet of life are mixed.

"Approaching the hermit hut we ventured to ask for a cup, a hatchet or some other trivial loan, and in this way introduced ourselves.

"The old man was a typical mountaineer, unkempt, unshaven, with grey, penetrating eyes that seemed to half pierce me through, yet, withal, he had a face from which shone intelligence. His clothing was like that of the better class Indians—buckskin leggins covering his knotty limbs, a shirt of the same material, laced in front much like a shoe, and partially covered by a long beard which hung over it in crude waves. In manner, he seemed affable; but in answering father's questions, he cast glances, now and then, in my direction that shot through me with a thrill akin to fear on a dark night among the pines.

"'How long have you lived here?' asked father.

"'O, a length of time,' answered the old man; and then with a glance at me he added, 'That is a bright boy you have there.'

"'He is my child of promise,' replied father, stroking my hair. 'I am a Latter-day Saint, and I have received the Holy Priesthood, and it is written in this book, (then father quoted from the Doctrine and Covenants, a copy of which he had in his pocket:)

"And also all they who receive this Priesthood receiveth me saith the Lord;

"For he that receiveth my servants receiveth me;

"And he that receiveth me receiveth my Father;

"And he that receiveth my Father, receiveth my Father's kingdom; therefore all that my Father hath shall be given unto him;

"And this is according to the oath and covenant which belongeth to the Priesthood.

"Therefore, all those who receive the Priesthood, receiveth this oath and covenant of my Father, which he cannot break, neither can it be moved."

"My son, here, is born in the Priesthood, under that covenant, and is therefore an heir thereto, and a child of promise to all that our Father hath," continued my doting parent.

"Following the example of the old man, we sat down on a slab bench by the log cabin, when the mountaineer began with a cynical laugh, 'I am not a Latter-day Saint, but sufficient, your son is a child of promise, and he is bright—two great burdens.'

"It is good and sweet to have a bright son and a child of promise," ventured father with a look of hopeful pride upon me.

"If your son can bear the burden," retorted the old hermit, with such a glance at me as fairly made my blood chill. Then he lifted his grey eyes upon the summit of the old mountain as if he were reading a sentence blazoned on the horizon, and in a half monotone uttered these words: 'Children of promise tread slippery paths.'

"Turning to father, whose open book lay before him, he continued as if to further impress his idea, 'Your own scripture there tells you so.' And he read:

"But whoso breaketh this covenant, after he hath received it, and altogether turneth therefrom, shall not have forgiveness of sins in this world nor in the world to come."

"As we were about to go, he continued: 'But I care not for your book; I draw my life-lessons and my hope from this,' holding in his hand an old Bible:

"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and

Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

"Then taking a soiled manuscript, he handed it to father, saying that its story would further convince father that, 'a child of promise and a bright boy' is not always a safe and desirable blessing.

"We went about our work, but I can remember how the old man's words burned into my young soul; and I have never since looked upon the hoary old mountain, or thought of the incident, but I tremble and seem to read there the uttered sentence.

"I wished to know what was on the paper, and father replied that it was only a Bible story, and he handed it to me with the injunction to keep it, as a warning for the future. I have done so. It has been a wonderful safeguard to me whenever I felt prone to place too much reliance in inherited promises, or in what others have done for me, to the exclusion of good works on my own account."

The tale told, we two read the curious old manuscript together; but it is not necessary to repeat it here. If you, dear reader, have enough interest in the matter, you may gather its substance from the Old Book itself, for it is found in Chapters 22 to 26 of the Book of Numbers, and the departed souls of those 24,000 children of Israel bear witness to the importance of its lesson. The Lord Jesus Christ emphasized it when He said: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."

The oxen and the loggers are gone; the old mill is silent; I doubt that even

a vestige is left to tell where it stood; the merry voices of the young women sound no more among the lone aspen groves of the Basin, and they themselves, at least many of them, only live faintly in the memories of their children's children; the old mountaineer rests in mother earth—no man knows where—his mortal and his mountain hut alike are no more, but the warning sentence of truth he left behind, and which was burned into the heart of my friend, lives on forever: "Children of promise tread slippery paths."

Edward H. Anderson.

THE BROWN BOYS' FARM.

CHAPTER VIII.

Spring comes, and with it Alice and Harold.

As soon as the roads became passable, which was later than usual this year on account of the heavy snows, Amos and Paul started for "town" to meet Alice and Harold. Several times, while the cold weather lasted, their faithful friend Evans had made the trip for mail. On these occasions the boys had received great stacks of letters, for Alice wrote long weekly accounts of their lives. The boys' letters in reply had been less frequent, but were filled with glowing accounts of their adventures and of the wonderful country in which they had made their home. In their last letter to Alice they had told her when to come and that they would meet her and Harold at the terminus.

"I declare, if there ain't Alice out watching for us," cried Paul as they came in sight of the "hotel," and seizing the whip from Amos, he urged the horses on, jumping up and down in his excitement.

In a moment more he was in his

sister's arms, laughing, crying and talking all at once, while Amos and Harold grasped each other's hands without speaking.

"How did you happen to get here the same day we did?" said Paul. "And how did you know we were coming today?"

"We've been here for nearly two weeks. You know you wrote us to come about the first of the month. And I've spent my time out here on the porch watching for you, thinking every day that you would come. Mr. Perkins would have driven us over when we first came, but he said the roads were not fit to travel on. I have hardly been able to wait, I have been so anxious to see you, and so lonesome. Harold has spent his time in hunting and prospecting. He says there is any amount of gold in these hills."

"There is on our place," said Paul; "why, you can just see it in the sand that's washed down from the canyon. I tell you, Alice, that's the finest place on earth!"

While they were talking Mr. Perkins came out on the porch with a woman.

"Howdy, boys. Glad ter see ye. This yer is my old lady. Ye never thought I'd do the rash act, did ye? Well, she made me. She's to blame. She kep' at me till I jest hed to. So last month I give in and we wuz married."

"Oh, Bill, how can you!" said the little woman, blushing furiously.

"Oh, you go 'long and git dinner fer these hungry kids, and don't talk so much. My land, she makes my life miserable, she talks so much!"

The fond look he gave her as she left belied his words, and the boys readily believed what Alice told them, that never was a man more in love with a woman than the rough man with his little wife.

The trip to the farm was long, and usually tiresome, but this time the Browns had so much to talk about, and everything was so beautiful and strange to the new comers that the drive was a very pleasant one. The mountains were still covered with snow, except on the foot hills and on sunny slopes where soft green patches gave a mild suggestion of summer.

As they drove along Amos said:

"There, Hal, you see that canyon over there and that clump of trees at the mouth of it? Well, that's where your future home is. That forest is right at the back of our house. You can't see the house from here. But it's there, all right. The trees in front hide it."

Along the banks of the river a wild, luxuriant growth of vines and grass trailed, dipping down into the water now and then, as it rushed along.

Mrs. Knowles was at the door to welcome them as they drove into their own yard.

"And this is Alice," she said, taking the girl fondly in her arms. "I cannot tell how glad I am to see you, my dear. Now come right in and rest till dinner is ready. Then we will show you around. No, not now, dear," she said to Paul, who was asking his sister to come and look at his chickens; "Alice is tired and after dinner we will all go out and see them and everything else."

By the time the horses were tended and the travelers washed and ready, dinner was served. The most delicious meal they had ever tasted, Alice and Harold both declared. Wild chicken, trout, and home-raised vegetables, well cooked and in abundance, were spread before them.

At dinner Alice met the rest of "the family," as they called themselves. The Trapper, who had come down especially to bring the grouse, and welcome the

strangers; and Mr. Evans and Mr. Knowles, who had come from the Knowles farm for the same purpose.

"That potato has a history, Hal," said Amos, as his brother helped himself to one. "Mr. Evans here, planted them last year. In the fall I should have dug them up and stored them away for winter, but a heavy snow storm came on while Paul and I were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, and from that time on the ground was never clear till spring, so they stayed in the ground, frozen, as we supposed. Imagine our surprise when, a few weeks ago, I started to plow in the patch and turned up nice, fresh potatoes, in better condition than if they had been kept in a cellar or pit."

"The flowers are in the same condition," said Evans. "You see, the frost never gets into the ground, it is so well protected by the snows, which come early and last till warm weather."

When they left the table and went outside to see the place, everybody talked at once, anxious to attract the attention of the newcomers to some special thing.

Paul was bent on having them see the chickens and cow; Amos, the two new rooms which he and John Evans had worked so hard to finish; Mrs. Knowles wanted Alice to see the flowers, growing so beautifully in the garden; and so on, until Harold exclaimed, "Well, good people, the general view is lovely, but let us take in each place and thing by itself, in a systematic way."

Toward evening Mr. and Mrs. Knowles drove home, the Trapper and Evans, who had agreed to pass the rest of their days together, started for the mountains, and the re-united family were left alone. They sat on the door steps talking of the past and future. The sun went down. The full moon rose behind them, filling the valley with its soft, cool light, but

leaving them still in the shadow of the tall mountains. Presently, as it rose higher and the light fell on the garden and river, Hal exclaimed, "Well, this is a magnificent place, isn't it? Evans was a trump to give it to us. I think we will be perfectly happy here, don't you, Alice? Of course I mean when Joe comes."

Alice blushed in the dark, and toved with the ring on her finger, which her brothers had not noticed.

"Who's Joe?" asked Amos.

"Why, Joe Bentley; don't you remember him? He likes Alice, and she likes him, too. I actually believe he's persuaded her to leave us in the lurch, and keep house for him when he comes to take up a farm next spring. Alice, don't you think the land just across the river would suit him? Then you'd be near us, and we could run over with our dinner for you to cook, you know."

"You don't need to talk, young man. When Tom Calder comes out with all his family of girls, you'll forget to mourn for me."

"Are they coming too?" Amos asked. "Well, we'll soon have quite a little colony here. But Joe needn't go across the river, Alice. This land here is as much yours as ours, and there is enough of it to be divided into four nice, large farms, if we ever want to separate, but I don't see why we ever should. Several families from town are talking of coming out here. I believe the Knowles' would move near us too, if Mrs. Knowles could make up her mind to leave the little green mound in the meadow where her child is buried. This country is bound to grow up rapidly, for it is splendid farming land, and I believe these mountains are full of gold. The railroad will extend down here before many years and then we'll be all right."

And so they talked and planned for the future until the moon, high in the heavens, warned them that it was time to go to bed. Then they went inside and kneeling down thanked God for all His loving kindness.

R. C. I.

(THE END)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A NOISY AND SMOKY PATRIOTISM.

DID IT ever occur to you that man's most usual method of testifying joy over a result accomplished or an end gained, is to go to work to burn up something, and to make as much din and uproar as possible? And if the thought has occurred to you, can any of you give a good reason for the practice?

A political victory is celebrated by the blowing of ear-splitting tin horns, the ringing of bells, the wild shouts of the partisans, the shooting of guns and bombs, and at night by fireworks and bonfires, the latter frequently being private carriage steps or anything else inflammable that can be secured, regardless of ownership. The anniversary of some great man's birth, if celebrated as a holiday, is frequently observed with the same kind of manifestations. Of course the birthday of a nation or a state comes in annually for the same sort of observance. The greater the noise and the wilder the blaze, the more appropriately some people seem to think they are doing honor to the occasion.

Can any one tell why this is, except that we are following an example that has come down from our ancestors?

Celebrations of important events are all right, in remembering great deeds done, by making a holiday of the anniversary, we are kept familiar with them and their

results, and are perhaps stimulated and inspired to better thoughts and deeds ourselves. Processions and parades are frequently an object lesson no less instructive than pleasing. In commemorating a great man's birth, we recall his virtues and his struggles, and are strengthened and encouraged by the example he has left us. So also is patriotism fostered and revived and increased by observing with appropriate ceremonies the anniversary of the birth of the state or nation, as the case may be. But what have bombs and blazes to do with all this? Is it that we cannot show our respect or gratitude or enthusiasm in any other way than by bursting or burning something?

These remarks are suggested by a recollection of the fact that we are just on the eve of the greatest powder-burning anniversary in our calendar, the Fourth of July, and that during the same month we in Utah celebrate in a like manner the Twenty-fourth—holidays that commemorate respectively the birth of our Nation and the beginning of our State; days, too, that to some people are made sad by reason of frightful accidents that occur or property that is destroyed. It is an exceptional year that does not witness these latter casualties, and the July newspapers seldom fail to mention the accidental wounding or killing of somebody from the use of firearms or fireworks, or the destruction of stacks, barns or houses from this same cause. Many a promising young life has thus been cut short; many a thousand dollars' worth of substance has thus gone up in smoke. And yet the usual style of celebration keeps on each year, because each person thinks, no doubt, that *he* will be careful and that *he* and *his* will escape calamity.

There is a good deal of barbarism in our civilization after all, and one evi-

dence of it seems to be that we act as though we could not be patriotic without being explosive. Let us all try, however, to begin to act with a little more intelligence and reason; and if in blowing off the surplus steam of our enthusiasm we feel that something must be made to burst or burn, let us take more precautions than ever before to see that there be no damage or injury as a result.

A PLAN TO INDUCE PUNCTUALITY.

The subject of punctuality in opening Sunday Schools is still a matter of prominent importance, as it deserves to be; and a plan which has been adopted in some of the schools recently visited by members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, is now approved by the Board and recommended to all the schools. The plan is to treat the school as an individual and credit it with the actual time it is opened each Sunday. For instance, the name of the school is entered at the head of the teachers' roll on the proper roll book, and each Sunday morning the time of opening is placed in the column used for teachers' attendance. If opened punctually at the hour appointed, the usual mark for early attendance is placed opposite the name of the school, or the figure "10" is placed there, indicating that the school was called to order promptly at ten o'clock. If it is late in commencing, the figure "03," "05," or "15," as the case may be, is recorded in the proper column, showing that the school opened that many minutes late.

It will be evident that if the superintendent and his assistants and the teachers earn the mark for individual punctuality, there will be no reason for delaying the opening of the school. If those who conduct the exercises are

present on time, why should not the exercises begin on time? It is claimed that the plan above explained has resulted in tardy schools getting into the habit of opening punctually; and it would seem that such a result might be generally expected. With that hope the Board, as already stated, has given the plan cordial endorsement, and recommends its general adoption.

The Editor.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS: No one thing concerning Sunday Schools is more important than the proper and regular holding of teachers' meetings. The program for such meetings has been suggested in the Sunday School Treatise, and is as follows: 1, short opening prayer; 2, officers' and teachers' roll-call; 3, minutes of previous meeting; 4, reports from each department of statistics, studies and students; 5, reports of committees; 6, questions and answers by teachers; 7, instructions by the superintendency; 8, benediction. It is of the utmost importance that the program be followed out strictly and that the teachers be held to the subjects under consideration. The opening prayer should be short and to the point. The Elder offering it should ask for those things that are especially needed in that particular meeting. The officers' and teachers' roll-call follows; then the minutes of the previous meeting. These minutes should be short, containing the *actions* of the meetings and no unnecessary detail. The Union Board has been asked recently where these minutes should be recorded. We answer, in the regular Sunday School minute book, in

its proper place. Do not use a separate book for these minutes. Then follow reports from each department on statistics, studies and students, called by Brother Maeser the three S's. Reports of committees, questions and answers by the teachers and instructions by the superintendency are all explained in detail by Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser, in the published proceedings of the first Sunday School Convention (p. 23, 24 and 25.) Avoid prolonging these teachers' meetings to a tedious length. As a rule the teachers' corps is composed of brethren and sisters who have other things to do. If the meetings are dragged out to an unnecessary length they lose interest, and your labors go for nothing. Have the meeting brisk, full of life, and get the Spirit of the Lord in your work, and as a result the Sunday School will make rapid and sure progress.

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS: At the last meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, Elder Andrew C. Nelson, first assistant superintendent of Sunday Schools of Sanpete Stake, stated that the superintendency of that Stake had established a Kindergarten training school at Manti. Sister Donnette Smith is in charge of the class and it is attended by fifty young ladies from various parts of the Stake. Elder Nelson invited the Board to visit the class and see it in operation, with a view to extending it to other Stakes, if the work should be found satisfactory. The Board is much interested in the experiment and is carefully watching its progress. The great difficulty in Sunday School Kindergarten work is that some teachers do not plan exercises and lessons that will bring to the minds of the children some idea of the Gospel; they fail to

utilize the great system in such a way as to be beneficial in the Sunday School. Much depends upon the teacher. The experiments now being made will, no doubt, demonstrate the value of this system in our Sunday Schools.

LACK OF MATERIAL: It has been reported recently that some Sunday Schools have adjourned long before the usual hour; in one case as early as eleven o'clock. The reason stated was that the classes had *run out of material* with which to work. No school that follows the Sunday School Treatise and instructions given by the General Board can be without material. The suggestions for work, given in that valuable book, are numerous, and, in connection with the printed report of the Sunday School Convention, should certainly furnish superintendents with material enough to keep the schools in session the short time allotted them.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION PROCEEDINGS: Every day reveals the great advantages obtained by the printing of the proceedings of the first Sunday School Convention, and no superintendent or teacher can be up to-date without a copy in his or her possession. Questions are sent in to the Union Board every meeting which are answered, either in the Treatise or in the Convention proceedings. Almost every subject connected with Sunday School work is treated upon and explained. Brethren and sisters of the Sunday Schools, supply yourselves with these valuable helps. They have been prepared with great care, by the best Sunday School workers we have in the Church. Read what they have to say. Don't be behind the times. Copies have been sent to every Sunday School

in the Church. If any superintendent has failed to receive them, he will favor the Board by informing the Secretary, at No. 408 Templeton Building. A few extra copies are on hand, which will be sold to any one at ten cents a copy postpaid, which is barely the expense of printing.

A NEW BIBLE CHART: A new Bible chart on the life and ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ has been prepared by the Sunday School Union Board, and will be ready for sale in a few days. Superintendents and others desiring them can have same mailed to them postpaid for one dollar by sending to the General Secretary 408 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City.

THE FIRST SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

THE Koreans invented the first suspension bridge, if we may except the rope bridges of the Andes, which can hardly be called bridges. The first suspension bridge that can properly be dignified by that name was thrown across the Im-jin river in Korea in the year 1592. Dire necessity dictated the terms. The Japanese in P'yeng-yang, learning of the defeat of the army of reinforcements, determined to withdraw. China had begun to bestir herself in favor of Korea, and the Japanese, driven from P'yeng-yang by the combined Chinese and Korean armies, hastened southward toward Seoul. When the pursuers arrived at the Im-jin river, the Chinese general refused to cross and continue the pursuit unless the Koreans would build a bridge sufficiently strong to insure the passage of his 120,000 men in safety. The Koreans were famishing for revenge upon the Japanese, and would be stopped

by no obstacle that human ingenuity could surmount. Sending parties of men in all directions, they collected enormous quantities of chik, a tough, fibrous vine that often attains a length of one hundred yards. From this, eight huge hawsers were woven. Attaching them to trees or heavy timbers let into the ground, the bridge builders carried the other ends across the stream by boats, and anchored them there in the same way. Of course the hawsers dragged in the water in mid-stream, but the Koreans were equal to the occasion. Stout oaken bars were inserted between the strands in mid-stream, and then the hawsers were twisted until the torsion brought them a good ten feet above the surface. Brushwood was then piled on the eight parallel hawsers, and upon the brushwood clay and gravel were laid. When the road-bed had been packed down firmly and the bridge had been tested, the Chinese could no longer refuse to advance; and so upon this first suspension bridge, one hundred and fifty yards long, that army of 120,000 Chinamen, with all their Korean allies, camp equipage and impediments, crossed in safety. This bridge, like the tortoise boat, having served its purpose, was left to fall of its own weight.

Selected.

SUCCEEDED AT LAST.

Some two centuries ago, the estimable town council of Oudenarde, in Flanders, issued an order that no one was to go into the street after 8 p. m., without carrying a lantern, under a penalty of ten florins. The citizens grumbled, yet none of them dared to disobey the law; but after a general consultation they one and all agreed to carry a lantern, but without putting a candle in it.

Then the council gave orders that every person should carry a candle in his lantern. Whereupon the citizens showed their respect for the law by carrying a candle in it, but not lighted.

This compelled the council to decree, for the third time, and under a double penalty, that each person should carry a lantern containing a lighted candle. The citizens at once submitted to the new proviso, but carried their lanterns with the lighted candles under their cloaks.

The sage and reverend gentlemen of the council chamber shook their flowing wigs in solemn indignation, and forthwith enacted that each lantern with its lighted candle was to be carried free and exposed to view. That stopped the little game of those recalcitrant citizens of Oudenarde.

A BOY'S RIGHT.

"Oh, hush, little boy! You're too noisy by far,"

The fathers and mothers keep saying.

"Oh, hush!" cry the sisters. "Wherever you are,
You make such a noise with your playing."

Three hundred and sixty-four days in the year

We're hushed; but it will not be heeded

Tomorrow, for Fourth of July will be here,

When our right to a noise is conceded.

Then fathers will join in the fun for a while,

And sisters are pretty good backers;

And mothers may cover their ears, but they smile,

And give us more money for crackers.

St. Nicholas.

The following tip is for those who are worried by those very troublesome creatures, mosquitoes:--Throw a bit of alum, about the size of a marble, into a small bowl of water, and wet the hands and face and any exposed parts lightly with it. Not a mosquito will approach you. They hum about a little and disappear.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SPREAD OF THE DIVORCE EVIL.

THERE is no social question now so prominently before the civilized world as that of divorce. Year by year there is an alarming increase in the number of marriages dissolved, and the ease with which these ties are severed is becoming greater and greater. On both sides of the Atlantic, leading spirits among the nations are calling attention to this evidence of social decay, and are demanding that both Church and State take positive ground against the spread of the evil.

The Catholic church is one of the most strenuous in its opposition; it does not favor divorce; on the contrary it frowns sternly upon the practice. It hedges about the sanctity of the marriage relation with every safeguard which can be conceived of without a resort to bigotry and illiberality. It multiplies and magnifies, as far as it can, the difficulties in the way of separating husband and wife. Yet in some of the very countries in Europe in which that powerful church has the greatest influence, the statistics show the most rapid increase in the number of divorces—this increase in the last five years ranging from eighteen per cent in France to more than four-fold in Alsace and Lorraine. Of the ease with which the marriage bond is dissolved in many parts of the United States it is not

necessary to speak—the fact is well-known and it is shameful enough without going into detail. Such a condition bodes ill for any nation in which the evil exists. It is a blight that will inevitably bring moral disease, and will rapidly weaken and destroy the foundations of society. When marriage ceases to be regarded as sacred, it becomes a matter of convenience merely, and is but a poor, thin legal mask for gratifying the whims and caprices of passion. Children born under such conditions have a right to hold a grudge against their parents. Their status in pure society is questionable, though without fault of their own; and the whole social fabric in which the evil exists is seamed and tottering with the elements of decay.

There are no doubt cases where the dissolution of the marriage bond is a necessity, from the standpoint both of justice and of humanity. But even these instances ought to be few, and they would be if due care and pure motives governed the forming of all alliances. The Latter-day Saints as a people are earnestly opposed to divorce. Marriage means more to them than it does to people in the world, and it is consequently held by them as more binding and more sacred than by those who think that the grave ends all. Marriage is ordained of God, and in its purity it brings a happiness that is a foretaste of heaven. In order that such marriages may exist, the utmost care must be taken in choosing partners. Prudent and experienced parents will not leave their children without counsel and aid in the taking of this most important step. Young men and young women properly reared will not take it in haste to repent at leisure; they will make it a matter of sincere prayer, for they will realize its vast responsibility. Then we shall not hear

anywhere in Zion—what is now heard occasionally, though not nearly as frequently as in some other places—the recital of family troubles and the story of domestic unhappiness, accompanied by a prayer for release at the hands of the divorce court.

THE ECONOMIC SIDE OF THE PEACE QUESTION.

IT MAY seem vulgar and unfeeling to argue the question of universal peace from any other standpoint than that of humanity and civilization, for surely these arguments are abundant and convincing. Nevertheless, there is something to be said as to the cost of war, which may not be without interest and force as an additional reason why the nations should cease their fighting and settle their difficulties by arbitration.

Apart from its brutality as a means of deciding differences between ruling powers, war is a highly expensive proceeding, even for the victors, while it must necessarily cost the vanquished still more. Not going back beyond the present century, and not including the hardly-ended war of the United States with Spain, we are brought face to face with the astounding figures that show the death in war of nearly six millions of men and the outlay of nearly thirty-six thousand millions of dollars. It would appear from these figures that for each man killed, the nations have had to pay about six thousand dollars. These enormous sums do not of course include the amounts paid for keeping up the military establishment in time of peace. It costs every man, woman and child in England a little over three dollars apiece each year to keep up that country's war appearances, while the other great nations of Europe, and some of the lesser ones, are not far behind. Even the United States, with its com-

paratively small standing army, has kept up an establishment which according to the estimates for 1896 cost each person in the country about seventy-five cents per year, and now that our army is increased in size, and our navy also, the expense will be of course proportionately greater. With the firearms now in use and the different tactics employed, the loss of life is much reduced in proportion to the number of soldiers engaged and the money expended. At the battle of Waterloo, for instance, about one in every four of the men engaged was killed; and at the battle of Gravelotte, which was one of the bloodiest during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1, the killed numbered only about eight in a hundred; while in our recent war with Spain the casualties were still less. Of fights on the sea similar facts may be stated, for while in England's glorious victory at Trafalgar she lost two thousand five hundred men, the United States in a still more glorious victory at Manila last year did not lose a single man. All of this goes to show that the cost of killing men in battle is being increased enormously for each succeeding conflict; and that the term "sinews of war" does not now mean soldiers at all—it means money.

If it is inhuman to turn two armies loose at one another to fight and kill, merely to settle some dispute between their rulers, it is surely poor management and bad business for two nations to fly at each other over a dispute, and see which can waste the most money in the shortest time. This latter is an argument that ought to have weight with money-loving sovereigns who might care little for the loss of a few thousand soldiers. At any rate, it furnishes additional evidence of the folly and uselessness of war, and is being utilized to the

utmost by the advocates of universal peace.

THE TOWER CLOCK OF ROZSNO.

THE following incidents are set forth in an old chronicle of "Village Life in Hungary."

It is related how one day the beautiful Elizabeth Grunblatt returned, without warning, to Janos Gothard, her betrothed, his ring. Now it can readily be imagined how like lightning the news of this event spread around the town of Rozsno, and what a dust it raised. And why not? Was Janos Gothard, Jr., I ask you, in any way a person to be trifled with? The son of Mayor Gothard, whose bears and forbears had always formed a powerful dynasty in their native village! Nor was a girl like Elizabeth Grunblatt to be picked up on every rubbish heap. She, too, came of a fine old stock, whose offshoots had frequently graced the judicial bench; nay, were old Joseph Grunblatt still alive—but that is neither here nor there. Even if young Janos Gothard were a personage with whom it was best to take liberties, surely a betrothal ring is not a fit object for such a pastime.

Hence great was the excitement. The people assembled in eager groups in the squares and streets, and discussed the probable outcome of the affair; general opinion leaning to the belief that the Gothard family would not accept the rebuff in silence. Then broke in upon their disturbed minds this second wonderful event, which also spread like wildfire: the tower clock had stopped that morning at precisely the hour and the minute at which Elizabeth Grunblatt had drawn the ring from her finger! It was as though Providence had directly

interposed to arrest the hands, and intended to hold them captive until the full truth of the matter should come out!

Now this tower clock had always been as great a source of pride to the Rozsnites as the fair fame of their women, and here, at one blow of fate, was all over with both! They had good reason, too, for their pride, particularly in the clock, for it was truly a marvel of its kind, so much so that the famous Albertus Turibius had journeyed way from Switzerland, the preceding year, expressly to study its mechanism. The wardens had not been at all inclined to permit this profanation, but old Senator Komives gave utterance to this remark:

"Let us not close our ears to the man's request, since we can be perfectly assured that the wonders of our clock will find no room in his head!"

And such was really the case. A whole week long he rummaged and poked and pounded about its mighty wheels and hammers, its innumerable little rods and triggers, with the result that Saturday evening, when he had done, he knew precisely as much as he did Monday morning when he began. There was but one man alive who understood the mechanism of the Rozsno clock, and that was Martin Szontagh, its maker, and he was dumb. But he could never, in any case, have been induced to reveal its secrets, since it was positively the only one of its kind in existence. In the records of that day it is repeatedly set forth that, in all cases of dispute, where the knowledge of time was a necessity, the law decreed that that of the Rozsno clock should be accepted as the standard.

The remarkable feature of this clock was the separating, at noon and at midnight, of its face into two parts, allowing a cock to come forth, amid an insane

din of hammers, wheels and springs, simulating the while a cry, like the crowing of a cock, which rang out over the silent roofs and into the busy movement of the streets this warning:

"Lutherans, look to yourselves!"

Now all, all at once, the mighty thing was stilled. It was exactly as though it were making the mute declaration:

"I move not again by the breadth of a hair. Mornings can dawn and evenings fall for all me; I remain as I am so sure as heaven sees me. I have also shut the cock up away from you forevermore!"

Now is it really worth while, I ask you, to endure all this on account of a woman? To the Rozsnoites it was an indubitable fact that the stopping of the clock had directly to do with the whims of a capricious girl, else why could it not have stopped yesterday, or Elizabeth sent back the ring tomorrow?

To all overtures looking toward a reconciliation, the obstinate girl's only reply was:

"I would rather marry a demon than Janos Gothard!"

"Very well," flared up the affronted one; "I can't hand you over to the evil one, but I'll do worse!" and he carried the matter into court.

The learned Paul Szakmary was chosen as Gothard's counsel, Stephen Miskolczi that of Elizabeth. From now on these two honorable gentlemen shunted all the opprobrium of the affair off onto their own shoulders. For three full weeks they hurled every possible epithet at each other through the medium of their clerks (that being the first stage of the suit); then, when their mutual wrath had reached the required pitch, they opened out upon each other with the usual charges and countercharges.

Seven ecclesiastical gentlemen of the

vicinity were selected as jury. They presented exactly the appearance, in their black robes, with the long white bands hanging down from around their necks, of seven bottles of medicine. Pale and agitated appeared the ex-fiancee before the august body, proud and defiant Elizabeth Grunblatt. Heavens, how beautiful she was! Her snow-white gown clung tightly to her perfect form—it had been destined to be her bridal-gown, perhaps—and three roses glowed in her chestnut hair, all three blood-red, the color of love and inextinguishable hate! And what the roses failed to express was given utterance to by those two stars, her eyes: "No, I will never relent—never, never!"

In vain plaintiff and defendant were made to confront each other. The representatives of justice even took Elizabeth to one side and personally remonstrated with her; but to all she only shook her lovely head, "No!"

"Eternal evil will o'ertake thee, girl!" warned the foreman, George Fabriczy.

"Thou wilt be boiled in a kettle in the next world!" threatened Paul Szontagh, the scribe who, with his mind's eye, could already see the seething caldron into which the radiant young woman was to be plunged. Verily, the church deputed overfascinating tasks to her servant, the adversary! But through all the maiden remained steadfast, giving the honorable counsel thereby opportunity for much vigorous debate. At last the parties to the suit were conducted from the room and the jury left to its deliberations.

"I propose to the reverend body," opened the foreman, George Fabriczy, "that we declare the maiden guilty and sentence her as follows: For the period of seven years she shall not marry, neither shall she during that time in-

dulge in any form of worldly diversion whatever."

"Let us put it to the vote," said another. "'Yea' and 'nay'; 'nay' signifies acquittal."

Paul Szontagh called off the names, and inscribed after each the response.

"Peter Salitius?"

"Yea."

"Samuel Urszinyi?"

"Nay."

"Charles Vitoris?"

"Nay."

At this point Miskolczi hurriedly scribbled a few words on a scrap of paper which he passed over to Paul Szontagh. The scribe, however, took no notice, but went on uninterruptedly down the list:

"Paul Bistriczky?"

"Yea."

"Constantin Revencsan?"

"Nay."

So far two "yeas" and three "nays." There were now only lacking the voices of Szontagh and the foreman. Stephen Miskolczi strove, by every means in his power, to get Szontagh to read the writing on the bit of paper which he was now crumpling carelessly in his hand; but, all unheeding, he uttered, like the foreman, a "yea" in his turn. Thus was pronounced that hard decree which has been brought down by chroniclers to this very day.

Now, at last, Paul Szontagh opened the paper and read what was written upon it; word for word it ran thus:

"Elizabeth Grunblatt sent Janos Gothard back his ring because it is your reverence she loves!"

The world seemed to whirl in a circle round Paul, his blood surged and his eyes danced. The most beautiful and best-born girl in upper Hungary in love with him! How different her conduct

appeared to him now! How had he ever brought himself to utter that "yea?"

"And now, Brother Szontagh, be pleased to take down the verdict."

The scribe seized the pen with a hand that trembled, and it was only by the strongest effort of will that he was enabled to write at the foreman's dictation.

"The parties may re-enter!" announced George Fabriczy. When in the room, Elizabeth and Janos remained standing by the door with averted faces. In a choking voice the young clergyman read to them the decree which ran as follows:

"That the sacredness of the holy institution of matrimony be preserved, and to ward from us the wrath to come, we do hereby ordain that the girl, who has held these both in so light case, shall, for the period of seven years, remain unmarried; she shall also, in that time, strictly abjure each and every form of worldly amusement."

Most cruelly was this conceived. Elizabeth was just three-and-twenty, add to that seven years during which she was not to lay the virgin's wreath from her beautiful dark head, and we obtain as a result thirty, and—a full-fledged old maid! The reverend gentlemen had reckoned out with extreme nicety the exact way to make of the radiant blossom a sapless stalk. Janos Gothard announced himself as satisfied, and Elizabeth left the room, with downcast eyes, without a word.

The very next day Paul Szontagh and Miskolczi began to set on foot the most earnest measures to obtain a reversal of the ecclesiastical decision. They even finally reached, with their petition, the very steps of the throne itself, but all in vain. The affair remained precisely where it was.

They had at last relinquished all hope when one day it came to pass that, on

meeting old Martin Szontagh in the street, Janos Gothard, Sr., not only did not return his greeting, but pointedly turned away his head. Now old Szontagh had the reputation of being a man who held himself in very high esteem. He was the maker of the famous clock, had been decorated by royal hands for the same, and this averting of a Gothard head he took extremely ill. Upon arriving home he wrote upon his tablets and handed them to his son:

"Have you any quarrel with the Gothards?"

The young man then related to him the whole story. How beautiful Elizabeth Grunblatt had been tried and condemned, and how he, himself, was now consumed with love for her.

"Why haven't you said a word to me about this?" wrote back the father. His son smiled sadly. What can a dumb man accomplish where agile tongues have failed? But the old man only shook his gray head again and again, and began hammering and snipping away angrily with his tools, for he had recently set to work with great zeal at repairing the disturbed mechanism of the tower clock. Easter Sunday was drawing near, and on that glorious morning he had promised the clock should resume its wonderful career. It would be superb, would it not, on the day of our Lord's resurrection, to see the cock appear again between his open doors and hear ring out, as loud and shrill as ever, his admonishing cry? The old man spent the last days before Easter shut up in the tower itself. Finally all was in readiness. Exactly at noon on Easter Sunday, in the midst of the hurrahs of a multitude gathered from miles around, the works of the far-famed Rozsno clock set in motion. The jubilation was great, but alas! of short duration. The clock

went, but at what a consternating rate of speed! The hour-hand galloped around the face twelve hours in one, the minute-hand flew from figure to figure in the dizziest leaps and springs, while, instead of appearing once every half-day, as had been his custom, the cock struck open his doors every sixty minutes and trumpeted forth in a more terrific voice than ever:

"Lutherans, look to yourselves!"

"Woe, woe is upon us!" cried the people, beside themselves with fear. The three oldest senators betook themselves, panting, to Martin Szontagh.

"Disaster, master, disaster!" they cried. "Our clock is mad!"

A cunning smile played over Martin's gray old face. He seized his tablets.

"The clock is but doing its duty, gentlemen. You all admit that the time it sets must, in every case, be accepted by Rozsnoites as the standard?"

"Yes, yes; that is true," affirmed the senators. The old man pursued:

"You have condemned the girl my son would take to wife to a seven years' penance--"

"H-m-m!" growled Emerich Komives, a light breaking in upon him.

"I have, therefore, so adjusted the clock that it shall tell off those seven years in seven months!"

"But--but you will set it right?"

"When my purpose is achieved." The deputation strolled, crestfallen, home.

In an hour, I should say twelve, the reason for the clock's unaccountable performance had spread throughout the town.

The chief magistrate took counsel with his aids.

"The clock will bring disgrace upon us!"

"In just so much as it was formerly our pride, will it now work our confusion!"

"Let us give in!"

Again the senators betook themselves to Martin.

"Elizabeth Grunblatt's time of penance shall be measured according to the clock's present rate of speed; but, in goodness' name, let it, in future, run as beseems it and us!"

Thus it was that, at the very next grape-pressing, Elizabeth Grunblatt became Mrs. Paul Szontagh.

From the Hungarian.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT WAS only a week before Christmas, and Mary's two night shirts, her gift to Papa, lay carefully folded on the little white shelf under the curtain of her own little, home-made box-washstand. Allan's paper knife also was completed and was put away in his paste-board box of keepsakes waiting for Christmas. Tommy, too, had hacked away at the ruler, and its rude surface was only smooth where Mama or Allan had made his present presentable. Mama had made two white vests of heavy Marseilles cloth for Papa's Christmas gift, for she loved to see her dear husband attired well when he walked proudly with them all to the church on the green hillside, or sat in the pulpit, dignified, modest and handsome.

After prayers were over at the mission house, the little family returned home. Some fresh work had been found for Mary's deft little fingers; she was hemming some handkerchiefs for Allan and Tommy's Christmas. Tommy had said his evening prayers in his usual lisping manner, insisting as usual, on praying for "Granma and Aunt May on shea," al-

though they had been home six months. Allan, too, was sleepy and he asked Mama if he might go to bed; his prayers were said and good night kisses were exchanged, and he, too, crept silently into the little trundle bed, Mary tucking the children carefully in with the mosquito-bar.

Mama and Mary sat alone talking of Christmas at home, and of how the snow was falling and the lakes and streams were freezing over in dear Utah; of the boys who drew out their sleds from summer storehouses and with muffled throats and tingling faces slid merrily down from the summit to base of the hills; of the girls, who, with skates bound close about their ankles, were learning to skate over the glassy ice in pond and creek; and of how, in the long winter evenings, the parents in those homes in Zion would gather their children around the tables and after the supper was over, make molasses candy and tell fascinating stories of life and adventure. And then Mary asked once more for the story of the island where Papa had gone, and Mama got out the last letter and read what he had said about returning home shortly.

Never had the night seemed so quiet, the stillness so intense, and the loneliness of their little home more apparent; and yet from all things about them there breathed the peaceful spirit that comes to missionary hearts.

Suddenly a slight noise outside caught the mother's quick ear. It was only a slight sound, and yet all sounds were noticeable to those watching hearts. She dropped her work and looked up with the expression of a deer on the mountain side. Another sound, and this time the mother's heart sprang into her throat. With one bound she reached the door and flung it wide and with strained look

peered into the darkness and then gave a cry:

"Thomas, is it you?"

In a moment she was clasped in her husband's arms, with Mary clinging about his hands. After the first breathless moments were over and Papa had kissed each one of the sleeping boys, they listened with intense interest to the story of how he was away at distant Maui at 4 o'clock in the afternoon before. He had received a letter with his release, and had come flying down to the beach, fifteen miles away, on his speeding horse to get a chance to cross the turbulent channel to Honolulu. He found the steamer which was just about to put away from the shore, but a few cents hired a boat and boatman to take him swiftly out to the ship. And oh, the dreadful throes of sea-sickness which tortured him all night long! At noon they reached Honolulu, where he found his horse waiting for him. He climbed upon the animal and started for Laie, still sea-sick. The mail was in Honolulu with the Christmas box which had been expressed to them from Grandma Howe and Aunt Madie in Utah. This was tied to the back of the saddle and away he rode for home. He stopped at last, on reaching a clear, cool stream in Kareohe, for he felt faint and sick as he had been sea-sick for twenty-four hours. He went into the Chinese shop close by the road, bought a loaf of bread and taking it out to the spring, he soaked bits of it in the clear, cool water and ate and was refreshed. His horse likewise drank of the water before taking the road again to Laie. Away at Kahana the darkness fell upon them, but horse and rider knew the road as well in dark as daylight. He told them how he had hurried along the road watching for the first turn around the promontory which

gave him the view of the little cluster of houses at Lani Huli and his own little home on the hill side; and there it was—the light in the window of his own dear home—he could scarcely contain himself, and put the spurs to his horse, whispering in the faithful ear that they were home—sweet, sweet home.

He took the path by the road and cut through the field, over the hill, around the house, now going so silently so that he could complete his surprise; he closed the gate at the back of the house and was just springing softly off his horse when Mama had caught the second sound, flung the door wide, and there they were, Mama and home and babies.

The experiences of the last few weeks had made the children feel that the evening was not properly spent unless they heard some kind of a story. Not only did they get a deal of pleasure from this, they also received much and valuable information. And best of all, perhaps, their own powers of observation were awakened and developing in right directions.

Mrs. Argyle had made a discovery; she could amuse, instruct and entertain her children better through stories than in any other way. And as the days passed on she found she was improving in the matter of story-telling; a latent power was stirring within her.

And now Papa was home from a trip to Maui with its wonderful extinct volcano, and also he had paid a brief visit to Molokai where he had been "right up" to the leper settlement and had spent two nights in that living tomb; the children were clamorous for stories; stories of travel and of his missionary experiences.

"Papa, please tell us about the big, round hole in the top of that high mountain; Mama says it's just grand."

"Papa," urged Allan, "if you'll tell us some stories we'll get our chores done quick."

"All right, boys; you get in your kindlings and wood, Mary must hurry and get her dishes washed, and Mama will get baby Joe down to sleep, while I work for an hour up at the barn on my canes."

All hands flew to the appointed tasks; in an hour all the wood for next day was chopped, hauled in the little wooden wagon to the kitchen door, and piled into the wood-box by the two little boys. Even lazy little Tommy forgot to grumble as he cheerily carried his baby arms full of kindling chips and bark to start the morning fire.

Mary whisked about, chattering like a magpie, as usual; questions and answers, comments and suggestions, poured from her sweet, little, loquacious mouth in such a stream that Mama was fain to beg her to rest her own weary tongue and Mama's tired ears. Dear little Mary! Eyes, brain, and hands and tongue were never quiet except when all were shut close and tight in the embrace of deep, quiet sleep.

The hour was up and the house was put to rights, chores were done, and then the three children flew up to the barn to get Papa.

"Goodness, children, it isn't an hour, is it?" he cried, as they appeared at the barn door, eager and noisy.

"Oh, yes, Papa," exclaimed Mary, "and we're all ready, waiting."

Papa sighed as he put away his cane; he didn't care much about story-telling, and he did enjoy making canes of the rare woods found on the Islands, to carry home as keepsakes for his friends.

"Come on, then," he announced, in his busy, nervous way; "come along, all of you. Don't touch that file, Allan;

put that plane down, Tommy! Come now, or I won't go at all!"

So away they hurried, and reaching home, Mama had placed Papa's chair close by the door which looked out to the sea, while the children and mother sat on the outer steps, listening to the story.

Homespun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

WE always think of the poet Dante as pursuing, with heart of terror, the tortuous and terrific paths of the Inferno; or else toiling with untiring feet and eyes of awe and rapture the heights of his Paradiso. Or, if we remember his personality, it is as that of the wronged and heart-broken political exile. To picture Dante actually amusing himself like a common mortal is beyond our imagination. Yet the following anecdote of him proves that it was a fact.

The poet was one day arguing with his friend, Cecco d'Ascoli, the Italian poet, physician, and mathematician, as to which was the stronger, art, that is training, or nature. Cecco was of the opinion that in every case nature would conquer. As they went into illustrations, each to prove his point, Dante expatiated upon the perfect training of his pet cat.

"That cat," said he, "will sit beside me at the table when I am supping or reading, and hold a candle in her paws. And there is no chance about it: she is so well trained that she does it always and perfectly as long as I wish to have her. There's a case of art triumphing over nature."

And the poet, whose thoughts had

ranged the infinite, was as eager to prove the skill of his favorite, as if he were only an ordinary man who had been spending his leisure moments in teaching tricks to a pet animal.

"I should like to see that cat," remarked Cecco.

"Do so," retorted Dante. And the appointment was made.

At the proper hour Cecco appeared holding in his hand a small box upon which he made no remark. The cat was put through her paces, and acquitted herself with great credit. She sat motionless, with her eyes fastened upon her master, awaiting her signal of release, as demure an animated candlestick as could well be imagined.

"There! You see!" triumphed Dante. "Now, no one will pretend to say that that cat is acting according to nature."

But he triumphed an instant too soon.

The cover of the box in Cecco's hand slid softly off.

The next moment down rolled the candle; down flew the cat from the task to which she had been trained, to the pursuit of the mice that had jumped out of Cecco's box, and were careering over the floor.

"Art—or nature, Dante?" questioned the victor.

Dean Swift was very intolerant of conceit and ever ready to give a practical demonstration of his pet aversion. On one occasion he is said to have listened for some time to the impertinent observations of a foolish youth, who ventured at last to say: "Well, Mr. Dean, you must know that I set up for a wit?" "Oh, indeed," says the Dean; "then just take my advice and sit down again."

Mr. Justice Keogh, the great Irish judge, was a terrible victim to absence

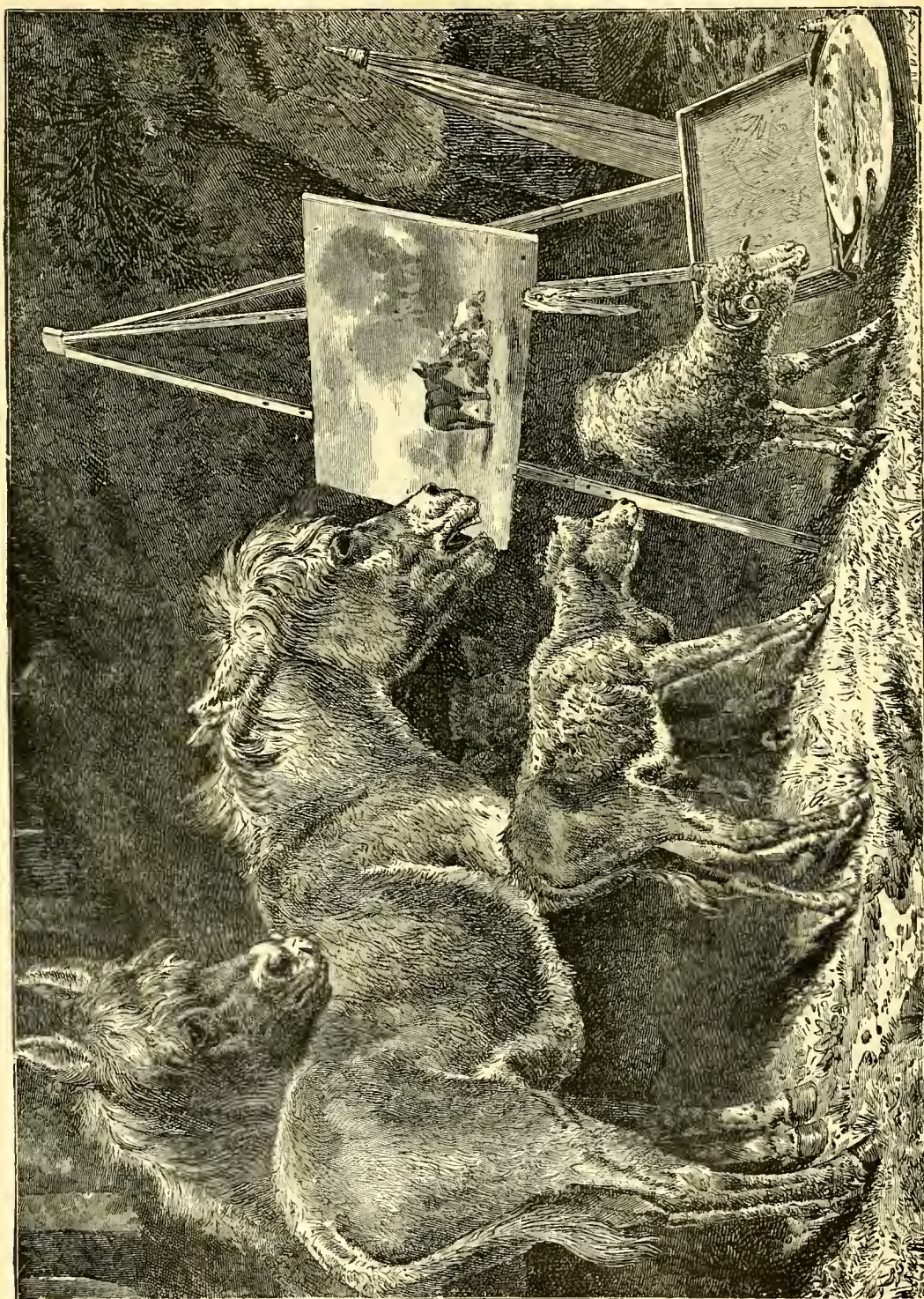
of mind. One day he invited several barristers to dine with him, and, as the hour approached, went upstairs to dress for dinner. The guests arrived, but his lordship was not there to receive them. After they had waited an hour, a servant was sent in search of the missing judge, who was found in bed, sleeping peacefully. The judge, when he had reached his dressing-room, had quite forgotten the purpose for which he went, and had innocently retired for the night.

Here is a good story of Sandow, the "Strong Man." It seems that in spite of his many wonderful feats of strength he had never studied the art of scientific boxing, and on being chaffed about this by his friends, decided to take some private lessons from Ned Donnelly, the famous boxing-master, and astonish them.

He accordingly made an appointment with Mr. Donnelly, and at the time fixed presented himself, and explained what he wanted.

"Well," said Mr. Donnelly, "I will first make clear the theory of the best way to deliver your blows, and then we will have a spar with the gloves on to enable you to put your knowledge into practice."

And this was what they accordingly did. But, alas! for the pupil, whose intentions were so excellent, and the master, who so rashly entered into the unequal fight! At the first blow Sandow managed to break down his tutor's guard and smash his arm in the bargain, and poor Ned Donnelly was carried away senseless to bed, where he remained for many a long day, while Sandow's first and last boxing lesson—for no other master would undertake such a pupil—cost him \$500 by way of voluntary compensation.



THE ART CRITICS.

Our Little Folks.



WE FIVE, ALL ALIVE.

We five, all alive,
 Mother's babies we,
 Safe at rest in our downy nest,
 Snug as snug can be.

Mother's gone to get a worm,
 Hope she won't forget
 To bring us two, and they'll scarce do,
 We're such a hungry set.

SUGAR PICTURES.

THERE are many substances which emit light when placed in darkness. Chief among them is common brown sugar.

The *Boston Herald* suggests that any boy or girl may make photographs without a camera. First you must store your sugar full of sunlight. This is easily done. Merely place your sugar on a board or in a basin, and lay it where the sun can

shine on it all day long. Ten hours of exposure will fill it full of sunlight.

Next procure a sensitive plate, being careful not to allow any light to touch it. Carry it into a dark room; in fact, the experiment ought to be performed at night in order to ensure the room being dark. A key, a coin or some other small, flat object should be photographed.

Place your objects on the sensitive plate, and sprinkle sugar over them until they are buried from sight. Leave the arrangement until morning, when a photograph of the objects will appear on the plate.

This is quite wonderful, but you may make it still more so by doing what Professor McKissick, of Auburn, Ala., polytechnic school did. He placed his sensitive plate in a plate holder. This he laid on a table in a dark room. On the plate holder he laid a key, a dime, and a piece of broken glass. On these he placed a block of wood four inches thick. Then he sprinkled brown sugar on top of the block.

Over all he spread a black table cloth, and left the arrangement in darkness over night. In the morning he found the key, dime, and the bit of broken glass perfectly photographed on the sensitive plate. Now you will observe that the stored rays of light from the sugar, in order to photograph the objects on the plate, were compelled first to pass through four inches of wood.

It will therefore be seen that the light of the sugar was X ray in its quality. All of the re-transmitted light seems to possess this quality, and at least the experiment seems very wonderful to the uninitiated. It would lead one to think that there is no such thing as absolute darkness. Since many substances emit stored light, it must follow that what we ordinarily know as darkness, must be

pierced by shafts of invisible light. Perhaps cats are thus able to see in the dark.

THE VOYAGE OF THE SNOWFLAKE.

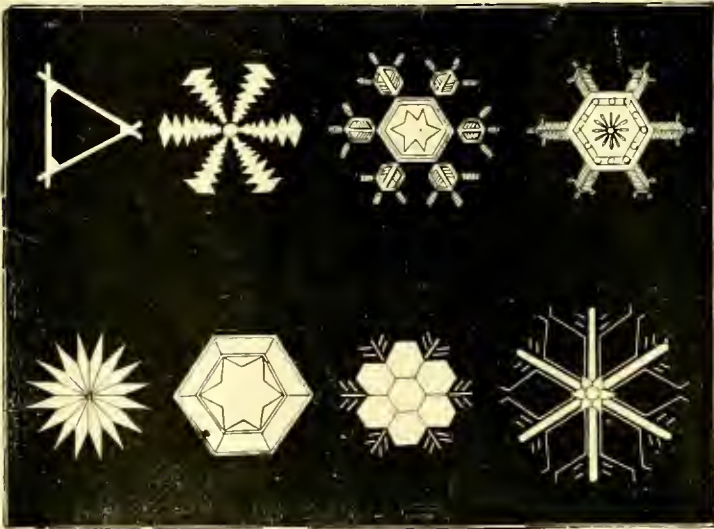
ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, a tiny Snowflake came sailing down with his brothers and sisters into a valley away up among the high mountain-tops of Greenland.

This little Snowflake had traveled much in his long lifetime, sometimes as

The prospect wasn't very pleasant; but he concluded to make the best of it. So he settled down in his bed and before long he was covered up by other Flakes, so that he couldn't see anything at all, but could only feel.

He could feel, however, and after awhile he felt that his feathery arms were being pressed closer to his body, and that he and all the other little Snowflakes were growing round and smooth and getting closer and closer together. When the sun shone very

brightly, all the little Flakes grew warm, and thawed a trifle; then when the darkness came, so still and cold, they froze very hard. This freezing and thawing kept on for a long time, until one fine morning they awoke to find themselves firmly frozen together into blue and white ice, beautifully striped. At the same time they discovered that they were much farther down the valley than



SOME OF THE FLAKES.

a raindrop, sometimes as a mist particle, as well as in his present shape, which was that of a feathery white star.

If the Snowflake could remember all the places he had visited—and he has never told us that he couldn't—he must have thought the mountains of Greenland a very dreary place indeed for a home; for when he settled and looked about him, there was nothing to be seen but the long white valley below, the snow-caps of the mountain-tops, and the gloomy gray sky up above; not a tree, not a bird, not even a boy.

before. They had traveled so very slowly that they really hadn't noticed it at all.

The Flakes began to look about them now. They found they were a part of a huge ice-river flowing slowly, oh, so slowly, down through the valley to the sea; for in Greenland it is too cold for these rivers of ice to melt and form rivers of water.

As the ice-river flowed along, it scraped and smoothed off the big rocks of the mountain-sides and the valley bottom, and carried the broken pieces along, just as our rivers of water carry

along the sand and mud washed from their banks by their flowing.

(We find rocks today all polished and scored by just such immense ice-rivers, or glaciers, which flowed over them long, long ago, before there were people here).

It doesn't take long to tell of the little Snowflake's travels from the high valleys in the mountains to the sea, but no one knows exactly how long he spent on the journey, though it is said that he never at any time went faster than sixty feet a day.

But when the Snowflake reached the sea at last, he saw very strange sights.

He saw the Esquimaux mothers in their white trousers carrying their little naked babies in their hoods, and Esquimaux fathers out in their kyaks spearing seals. These kyaks were canoes made of sealskin, and he saw some of them stuck up on poles out of the reach of the hungry dogs, who are very fond of gnawing sealskin. He saw the funny little ice houses, too, in which these people lived, for he was near the edge of the glacier now, where he could look across the bay at the village.

All at once the Snowflake heard a crack—crack! boom—boom! very near by; he felt himself go down into the water, then up, then down, then up—until away he floated out into the bay with all his brothers and sisters packed close to him still. He heard a shout across the bay, and as he looked up he saw the little Esquimaux boys running up from the beach. Chasing after them was a huge wave which broke on the shore.

Did the little Snowflake, all hardened into ice, know, I wonder, that he was part of a big, big iceberg now? and that the iceberg made that huge wave when it broke off from the glacier and fell over into the water?

Away sailed the iceberg, slowly and gracefully, like a big, big ship. It kept along its course with hundreds of others towards the south, growing smaller and taking on strange shapes as it went, turning over occasionally when it got topheavy. As it sailed, it dropped its load of dirt and stones to the bottom of the ocean, scaring the little fishes, and finally, little by little, it melted away entirely.

Then our little Snowflake found himself a little waterdrop once more, a part of that big ocean which holds so very many little waterdrops. And did he rest there? Not long. The waterdrops have not time to rest, they have work to do.

No doubt already he has started again on his journey to the clouds, and perhaps you may see him come down again, a little raindrop, in the very next shower.—*Little Folks.*

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

CENTERVILLE, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: This is the first time I have written to you. I am only eight years old and my Papa is on a mission. I have two brothers.

Elizabeth R. Smith.

OWEN, FORT BRIDGER.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I live on Blacks Fork on the old Emigrant Road. We have some little calves and pigs and chickens. This is a lovely place in the summer for there are lots of flowers. I go to Sunday School and day school.

Dannie Marshall, age 8.

AMMON, BINGHAM CO., IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: When I was four years old I had diphtheria and was very

sick. The Elders came and administered to me and I got well. I live in Snake River Valley, am 9 years old and my name is

Annie Eliza Clarke.

SALT LAKE CITY.

MY PAPA is on a mission. When I am a man I am going on a mission. My Mama reads Papa's letters and the Little Letter-Box for me. I like to hear both and I write to Papa often.

Eddy Clark, age 7 years.

BRIGHAM CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I do not go to day-school because my Mama is sick in bed, and I have to attend to the children. I have two sisters and two brothers dead, also my own Mama. She died when I was two and a half years old. She left four small children, but the baby soon died. I have faith in the ordinances of the Gospel for I know the sick can be healed.

Phena Anderson, age 13 years.

GARDEN CITY, RICH CO., UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: We love to read your letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. We go to Sunday School and Primary. We have a baby sister two months old, with blue eyes and brown hair, and we think she is the nicest baby in town, because we have not had a baby of our own before for five years.

Hyrum Cook, age 10 years.

Lilian E. Cook, age 5 years.

FOUNTAIN GREEN,

SANPETE CO., UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: This is the first time I have written to you. I am 13 years old. I love to read the little letters in the JUVENILE. And I love the

Primary and Sunday School. I also know that the Lord hears and answers prayers, for I have tried it myself. I hope the Lord will bless all the little letter-writers.

Lizzie Ostler.

OWEN, FORT BRIDGER.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I have three sisters and four brothers, and these with myself make eight children. We have Sunday Schools and meetings here in Owen and there are over 200 children. The flowers are just beginning to bloom, and everything is green, and it looks very nice. We have been living here a year and a half. We used to live in Minersville, Utah.

Mima Marshall, age 12.

KAYSVILLE, DAVIS CO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have been quite sick—I had the pneumonia. Papa and one of the brethren came in and administered to me and as soon as they took their hands off my head I felt better. I had been in bed for a whole week and I could not get up once. I know it was through the power of the Lord that I was healed.

Della B. Galbraith, age 10.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I read the little letters, and go to Sunday School with my grandpa. He has been the Superintendent of our Sunday School for the last sixteen years. My Papa died when I was a baby, and Mama and my two sisters and I live with grandpa and grandma. And they are so good to us.

Mildred Brown, age 8 years.

EAGAR, APACHE CO., ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER BOX: I am a little Arizona boy six years old. I have three brothers and two sisters. We all like to read the little letters. My Papa is

on a mission in England, we all try to help Mama. My sister Nellie helps her in the house, Jody tends the horses, Harry feeds and milks the cows, and Earl and I carry in the wood. With love to all the Letter-Box folks,

Karl Gains Udall.

—
MARION, UTAH.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX: I will tell about my tame pigeons. They will eat out of my hand, and when I go to feed the chickens they will fly on my head. Some of them are yellow, some are black and yellow, one white and yellow, one is black, and one is white as snow. If we are kind to dumb animals they will be kind to us.

Lorenzo C. Ballage, age 11 years.

—
SMITHFIELD.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We have good times in our Primary meetings; they are very nice, and we also have good concerts, and Sunday Schools and every day school too. I love to go to them all. I was nine years old in May. I love my parents, my sisters and brothers, and my playmates every one, also my teachers. I try every day to be a good girl and tend the baby—she is so sweet and cunning.

May Coleman.

—
MESA CITY, ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will tell you how the Lord healed my two little brothers. In July, 1897, my little brother Edwin was pawed in the face by a colt. His nose and upper jaw were split in two. My Papa went for the doctors. They fixed his face, and when they went away, they said he would not live till morning. Papa sent for the Elders, who came, and they administered to him. From that hour he improved and in two weeks his face was entirely healed.

The next July, my other little brother, Karl, was stung by a scorpion over the heart. He suffered for five hours, but Papa and Mama did all they could to help him, and they prayed for him, and the Lord healed him also.

Wallace A. McDonald, Jr., age 12 years.

—
CANYON EXPERIENCE.

While on a pleasure trip to Mexico, I went with one of the large boys up the canyon for lumber. It would be a three days' journey, so in getting our supplies ready, we took flour instead of bread. It was a long drive, but we reached the place at last, and we hobbled our horses and turned them out for the night. While we slept, some strange horse came and helped itself to our flour. When we got up we found our flour gone, and some pigs that were running loose had taken possession of our dinner-box, which the horse had knocked off from the wagon. We found ourselves "out," and had to eat at a house that was near by. We bought more provisions and started down the canyon with our lumber. My troubles were not yet over. I had the misfortune to tear or wear my pants so badly that it puzzled me what to do. As we neared the house I jumped from the wagon, ran and crawled through a window at the back of the house and halloed for another pair of pants. The request was granted, and I decided it was one of the worst accidents I had ever met with.

Frank Jakeman.

—
Letters from three little girls and one little boy, all named Styler, and residing at Oasis, Utah, have been received. Hilda, aged 13, bears testimony to the power of faith in healing the sick under the administration of the Elders, and

gives a number of instances which she has seen. Val, aged 10, has a pet calf named Star, which chases him out of the corral whenever he goes in. Nora, aged 8, tells of a cat named Grimalkia, which is owned in the family, and will bear to be rubbed though she will not let any of the children catch her. And little Maud, aged 5, writes that she knows the Gospel is true, and has seen people healed from sickness.

A little man named Farnsworth, aged 10 years, writes from Manti that he has been baptized in the Manti Temple for

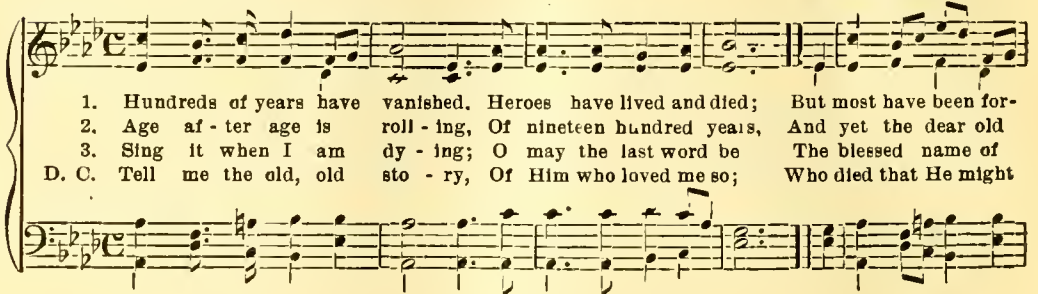
more than one hundred and fifty of dead relatives and friends, and that he hopes to do this work for many more yet.

Other letters have been received from May Ross, aged 10, and Lizzie Hyatt, of Joseph City; Hyrum James Maxwell, aged 10, of Salt Lake City; Mary Rodena Peterson, aged 9, of Redmond; Mary E. Coombs, aged 10, of Wayne County; Nellie Watts, aged 12 of Blaine, Utah; also from Mary B. and Helen V. Greenhalgh, of Matthews, Graham County, Arizona.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

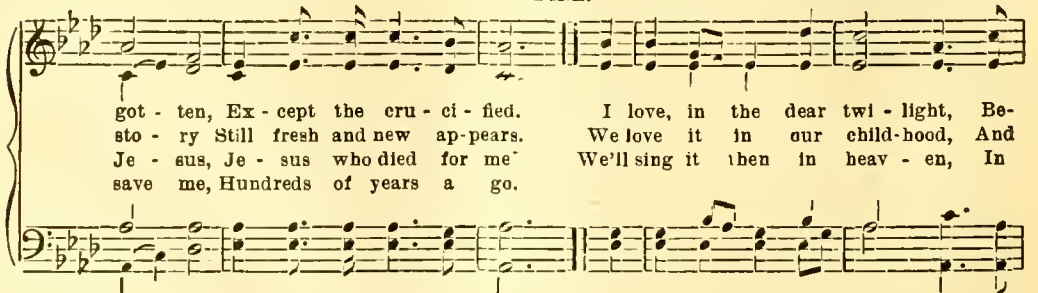
WORDS BY MCKEEVER.

MUSIC BY SWENEY.



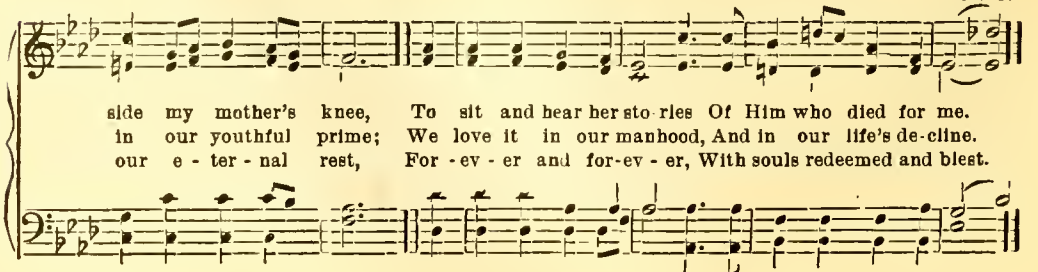
1. Hundreds of years have vanished. Heroes have lived and died; But most have been for-
 2. Age af - ter age is roll - ing, Of nineteen hundred years, And yet the dear old
 3. Sing it when I am dy - ing; O may the last word be The blessed name of
 D. C. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Him who loved me so; Who died that He might

FINE.



got - ten, Ex - cept the cru - ci - fied. I love, in the dear twi - light, Be -
 sto - ry Still fresh and new ap - pears. We love it in our child - hood, And
 Je - sus, Je - sus who died for me We'll sing it then in heav - en, In
 save me, Hundreds of years a go.

D. C.



side my mother's knee, To sit and hear her sto - ries Of Him who died for me.
 in our youthful prime; We love it in our manhood, And in our life's de - cline.
 our e - ter - nal rest, For - ev - er and for - ev - er, With souls redeemed and blest.

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Are what do the work of life for the human body.

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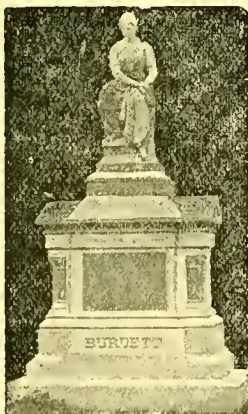
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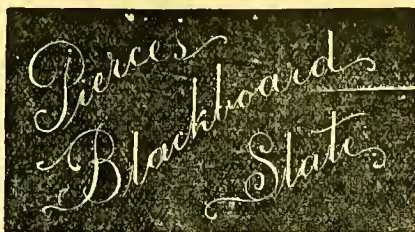
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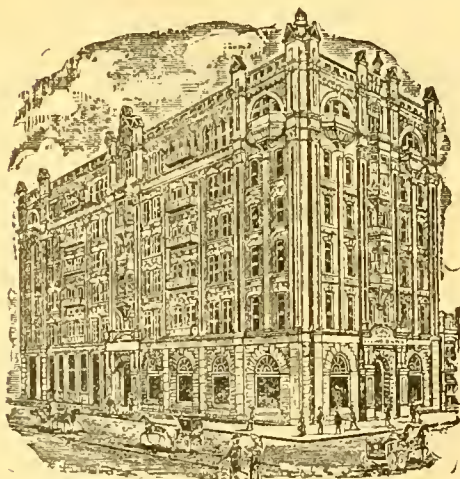
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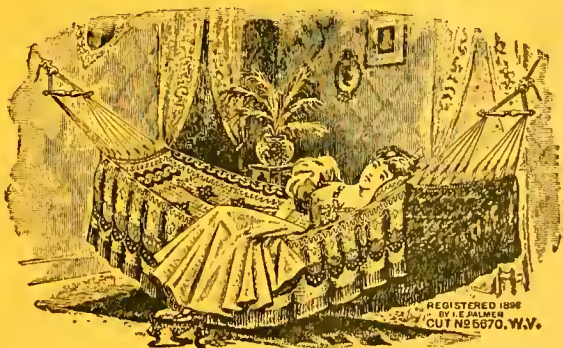
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